

### SIT IN THE SADDLE AND RIDE.

BY HUGH J. HUGHES.

Do you envy your fellow who's taking the pole?  
Do you fail of his action, and stride?  
Don't bunch with the quitters who turn from the goal—  
But sit in the saddle, and ride!

Have they jockeyed you out to the last of the field?  
Is the cup you had tried for denied?  
Stay game to the end! There are chances concealed,  
And the least you can do is to ride!

Is your hair growing gray, and your face growing old?  
Are your dreams their fruition denied?  
To stay to the finish! Who trades that for gold?  
Sit close in the saddle, and ride!

Is your course leading out to the shadows less land,  
Where the years of fulfillment abide?  
Good luck to you, comrade! The grip of my hand!  
Sit tight in the saddle, and ride!  
—Youth's Companion.

### The Scent of the Roses.

By ANNIE REYNOLDS.

Holworthy frequently found himself strolling by the house with the bay window, beneath which was displayed the neat sign, "China Painting." Between the muslin curtains hung the cage of a yellow canary, and on the window sills potted purple crocuses sat in cheery array. Not that Holworthy was interested in canary birds or potted crocuses; neither did china painting hold any allurements for him. In fact, he could not have explained what was the lodestone that drew his footsteps down this commonplace street of abandoned residences, nor what the attraction for him in the room behind the bird cage and the crocuses. The first floor was occupied by an upholsterer, and the floors above had been remodelled into small tenements, grandly referred to as "apartments" in the sign at the third story window.

One afternoon without the slightest forethought he entered the doorway and pressed the bell belonging to the second story "apartment." The latch clicked spasmodically, and before Holworthy had quite come to himself he was upstairs, face to face with a sprightly-appearing elderly lady, enveloped in a paint-bedaubed apron, and who balanced a plate carefully upon the palm of one hand.

"Pardon me—do you fill orders for china painting?"

This was rare presence of mind on the part of Holworthy, for he lived at hotels and had as much use for hand-painted china as he had for the canary singing shrilly in the bay window.

The sprightly lady lost no time in assuring him that she did take orders for all manner and kind of china painting, and no doubt had visions of furnishing forth with a breakfast, dinner and tea set for this handsome, well-dressed stranger.

The visitor glanced curiously about the littered room. How changed it was since he had last seen it. He strolled to the window. The broad window seats were still there, and the panelled shutters with little glass knobs, that folded back into niches in the wall. In this very window, in the soft spring twilight ten years ago, he had asked her to be his wife, and the lovely head had lain upon his breast. Good heavens, how it all came back to him. What a dream it was, and how rudely shattered.

"Would you like to see some of my work?"

The cherie voice of the china painter broke upon his reverie.

She regarded his gloomy face intently as he turned abruptly and went with her to a curtained recess where her dainty wares were spread. A faint, fleeting perfume saluted his nostrils. Instinctively he picked up a piece of a broken Japanese jar of exquisite design and coloring. It was that which held the sweet odor.

"This must have been a rose jar," he said idly.

"It was. 'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses hangs over it still,' she quoted prettily.

"That is true. However complete the wreck the scent of the roses elings." He sighed heavily, seemingly forgetful of his companion. "'Twas the 'scent of the roses' that brought me here," he added, absently.

Her bright glance rested on his youthful features and took in the touches of silver in the thick black hair at his temples.

Presently she broke gently into his abstraction. "A lady left that with me to be mended. Such a sweet woman, but so sad at times. She used to live here when it was a one-family house before the street was so run down. Sometimes she tells me of the pranks she used to play in that bay window when a little girl. On April Fool's day evening she used to throw down packages tied to a string and then twitch them soaring above people's heads when they tried to pick them up."

An electric shock ran through Holworthy, and he drank in every word.

"And did she tell you how the boy who lived across the way sneaked under the window one night and cut away the package and tied the string to the blind downstairs?"

"She told me that; do you know her?"

"I did—when I was a boy," he added, bitterly.

The painter busied herself for a moment with her chinaware.

"She thinks everything of that rose jar," very softly. "She preserved in it all the roses given to her by her lover. She was going to marry him, but he stopped caring for her and she released him. She's taking lessons from me, and sometimes she talks about those days when she used to live here. I suppose I ought not to reveal her confidence, but somehow I feel that it isn't any harm to you. She never married, and she says she never will—and she is just as sweet and pretty and young—" All this time she was moving lightly about among the bowls and vases, and a faint flush tinted her withered cheek and her voice trembled slightly. "She takes lessons Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock."

Holworthy gave a large order and on the following Wednesday at a little past 3 o'clock called to see how the work was progressing.

A fair-haired woman was seated in the bay window in a long-sleeved apron, bending over a piece of china. It was the 3 o'clock pupil. The teacher had disappeared.

"Phillis!" At the low appealing tone the woman turned. When she saw Holworthy she rose slowly to her feet as if dazed, and her rich color fled from her face and lips. He advanced impetuously, his dark eyes burning into hers.

"Here in this room where I first offered you my love I offer it again! It has never wavered, but has grown stronger and higher and surer after all the misunderstandings and misery of the past ten years. Phillis, can you ever love me again?" She closed her eyes and the color surged back, even to her brow.

"Why do you say again?" she reproached him, as the open arms closed about her. "I've never stopped loving you!"—Boston Post.

### The Lake Skipper.

By RALPH D. PAINE.

There was a salt water captain who, for reasons of his own, accepted a berth as first mate in a big passenger steamer on the great lakes. He was a capable seafaring man, but he did not know what "hustle" meant until he went aboard at Buffalo. The lake skipper to whom he reported for duty remarked in the most casual manner:

"Just give her a coat of paint this morning, and if the sun stays hot and she dries in good shape, give her a second coat this afternoon."

The salt water mate staggered in his tracks and made amazed protest. This was a 5000-ton vessel, and giving her two coats of paint was several days' work by his reckoning. The lake skipper was a person of discernment, wherefore he had pity on his new mate and forebore to deal harshly with him, explaining with a tolerant grin:

"All right. I suppose you'll have to learn to move lively after snoozing around salt water all your life. You just pass that order along to the bos'n and tell him it's got to be done, and then you sit up and take notice."

The bos'n took the order calmly, as if it were in the day's work, and by nightfall the big steamer was spick and span with two coats of paint from her water line to her guard rail. The sailor from deep water had learned his first lesson in the ways of the great lakes during the navigation season, when the hard-driven shipping must be forced to do twelve months' work in half a year.—Ralph D. Paine, in *Outing Magazine*.

### WISE WORDS.

A man's own faults never reconcile him to anybody else's.

The way a man cuts down his flower bills for a girl is by marrying her.

A girl likes to fool a man so she can convince him she didn't.

Men wouldn't care so much for even baseball if it were a family affair.

Finance is making money for yourself out of other people's.

When a man says he respects the law what he means is he's afraid of it.

A boy can pick up some good habits by their not being his father's.

The kind of virtue that makes a big noise over itself can't stand much more of a test.

The acts of the coldest people can make the rest of us the hottest.

You can always tell by the way a woman smiles that what you think it means isn't it.

Intelligence is much more comfortable to live with than intellect.

A woman's greatest optimism is thinking she can get the men of her family into heaven.

Most people can be convinced more easily with a club than with logic.

People don't get nearly so top-heavy from having brains as from thinking they have them.

A woman can admire a man for his virtues but love him for his faults.

A man thinks he's a devil of a fellow to have a prize fighter pointed out to him in a street car.

A woman can even stop curling her hair to hear how near a neighbor's family is to being broken up.

There are few of us who wouldn't rather win a lottery ticket than make twice as much working for it.

A man would rather brag about how well he can make his furnace work than really have it do it.—From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the *New York Press*.



### EXCITING FISHING.

One can easily imagine that after feeding for many weeks upon hippopotamus steaks, the flesh of elephants and other coarse food of that nature, fish of almost any variety would form an agreeable and pleasing change. Such, at all events, was the opinion of Sir Samuel Baker, who, after a long march in Africa, through a wild and dangerous country, arrived upon the borders of a broad river. He took his fishing rod, and wandering up the stream, cast his line over the water in the hope of enticing some beauty of the deep to take issue with him.

I put on a large bait, and threw it about forty yards into the river, well up the stream, and allowed the float to sweep the water in a half circle, thus taking the chance of different distances from the shore.

For about half an hour nothing moved. I was just preparing to alter my position, when out rushed my line, and striking hard, I believe I fixed the "old gentleman" himself, for I had no control over him whatever.

Holding him was out of the question. The line flew through my hands and cut them till the blood flowed, and I was obliged to let the fish take his own way.

This he did for about eighty yards, when he suddenly stopped. This unexpected halt was a great calamity, for the reel overran itself, having no check wheel, and the slack coils of the line caught the handle just as he rushed forward again, and with a jerk that nearly pulled the rod from my hands he was gone.

I found one of my large hooks broken short off. The fish was a monster.

After this bad luck I had no run until the evening, when, putting on a large bait and fishing at the tail of a rock between the stream and still water, I once more had a grand rush, and hooked a big one.

There was no rocks down-stream, all was fair play and clear water, and away he went at racing pace straight for the middle of the river. To check the pace, I grasped the line with the stuff of my loose trousers, and pressed it between my fingers so as to act as a brake, and compel him to labor for every yard; but he pulled like a horse, and nearly cut through the thick cotton cloth, making straight running for at least a hundred yards without a halt.

I now put so severe a strain upon him that my strong bamboo bent nearly double, and the fish presently so far yielded to the pressure that I could enforce his running in half-circles instead of straight away.

I kept gaining line until at length I led him into a shallow bay, and after a great fight, Bacheet embraced him by falling upon him; and clutching the monster with hands and knees, he then tugged to the shore a magnificent fish of upward of sixty pounds.

For about twenty minutes he had fought against such a strain as I had never before used upon a fish. It measured three feet eight inches to the root of the tail, and two feet three inches in girth of shoulders, and the head measured one foot ten inches in circumference.—Youth's Companion.

### INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

In 1852, when a body of United States dragoons were stationed at Fort Laramie, the Sioux were a much dreaded nation, but that they were capable of kindness and hospitality is proved by this story, given by P. G. Lowe, the author of "Five Years a Dragoon."

"A couple of mules ran away one night, dragging long lariats fastened to picket-pins, and I started out after them. It was early in the morning, and I started without breakfast. As the morning dragged on I began to feel the need of it. I grazed my horse several times during the day, taking off his saddle, giving him a drink at a pool of water and doing all I could to save his strength.

"Late in the afternoon I reached the top of a ridge, and looking down could see a long river bottom. On this was an Indian camp, extending perhaps two miles along the river. Great herds of horses were grazing north of the camp. My journey seemed to be ended. My mules were probably with one of the Indian herds, but how could I get them?

"Suddenly my horse started, and in an instant I realized that I was completely surrounded by twenty or more mounted Indians. I tried to put on an air of indifference, showed the trail of my mules and tried to beat into their stolid heads the fact that I wanted them.

"The braves pointed toward the camp, and we started in that direction. Arriving at headquarters the chief saluted me and shook hands; numerous others did the same, and in response to his pantomimic invitation I dismounted and entered his palace. A squaw took my horse away, and then brought me soup and dried venison. I had ridden all day without food and had hardly realized how hungry I was. The lodge was soon vacated and I slept.

"The next morning the sun was

shining when I awoke. I went outside and sat down, and a squaw brought me more meat and soup. In a short time two bucks came up with my two mules and horse. The chief came out, and bringing a lot of fine pieces of meat, put them in my holster. I had a bright silk handkerchief such as Indians delight in. This I wanted to give to the chief, but he declined, smilingly. I tried to press it upon his squaw, but she laughed, shook her head and would not touch it. I could not pay this chief for his hospitality, trouble and protection, and mounting my horse, with my mules in tow, I said good-bye and started for camp."

### A MAN OF REAL COURAGE.

The horse dragging a street piano along the main thoroughfare of a large New England city was so evidently inadequate to his task that people turned and looked at it. Some laughed—it was a funny sight to them to see such a raw-boned, half-starved rat of a horse dragging the gaudy instrument, with a fat man tramping sturdily along beside it—but others looked serious. Something ought to be done about it. The thing was an outrage, and why did not the police attend to it? But whether they smiled or frowned, nobody took any definite action.

Two young men came along the sidewalk together. They looked at the spectacle in disgust, but were going on their way like the others, when one of them hesitated, and then stopped abruptly.

"Why doesn't somebody get that fat villain's name, and have the society that looks after animals take that beast away from him?" he demanded sharply of his companion.

The other smiled.

"Why don't you?" he asked, pertinently.

"Well, why don't I?" The other drew a long breath. "Because I'm afraid of having the crowd call me a 'butter-in.' That's the trouble with most of us. I wouldn't be afraid to stand up in front of any man in sight in an out-and-out fight; and as for that man, either of us could turn him over and spank him without taking our coats off. But we're all afraid of being considered chicken-hearted."

"Right you are, Billy," agreed his companion. "But I don't see just what you're going to do about it."

"What I am going to do about it," exclaimed Billy, "is to kick myself across the street, and take the first steps toward separating that man from his horse! And I'm not going to let myself care a snap who sees me doing it."

True to his determination, the young man strode across the street and stopped the procession. A moment later, and a little crowd of interested spectators concealed him from his companion. The crowd grew. Presently it attracted the attention of a distant policeman, who hurried up and forced his way into it. There were signs of lively discussion; then the crowd melted, and Billy rejoined his companion.

"That horse," he remarked, triumphantly, "is now going to be handed over to the society that takes care of 'em. I felt like a fool while I was doing it, but I'm glad I did it."—Youth's Companion.

### THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE.

"I have seen a tiger, sitting up a hundred yards from me in the sunlight, washing his face like a cat, move a couple of steps into the shade, and fade away like the Cheshire cat in 'Alice in Wonderland,' but what is more extraordinary is that he can move without some dry leaf or stalk crackling to betray him," says a writer in the *London Times*.

"Often in a beat in the middle of the hot season the inexperienced sportsman's heart is in his mouth as he hears the crushing of a dead leaf, the slow, stealthy tread of what seems some heavy animal; but it is only 'moa,' the peacock, the first move ahead of the beaters. Then after a period of strained watching, when the eye can and does detect the move of the tiniest bird, the quiver of a leaf, suddenly, without a sound, the great beast stands before you.

"He does not always care to move quietly, but when he does death is not more silent.

"The question of how a white or otherwise abnormally marked tiger can take its prey is simplified by the fact that as a general rule the tiger kills at night or at dawn or dusk, and that it is only the cattle-killing tiger who takes his lordly toll of the village cattle by day.

"Again, that wonderful voice, the most mournful sound in captivity, which literally hushes the jungle and fills the twilight with horror, is a powerful aid to him in his hunting. Often I have heard it. The memory of one occasion is as vivid as the moment when it held me spellbound.

"I was stalking sambar in the evening in a glade in the forest, when suddenly, from not fifty yards above me, rang out a long, low, penetrating moan which seemed to fill the jungle with a terrifying thrill, and for a moment made the heart stand still.

"The native shikaree, who in spite of Mowgli's contempt may know something of jungle ways, believes that the deer, hearing the tiger's voice, and unable from the reverberating nature of the sound to locate the position of their enemy, stand or lie still, and so give him the chance of stalking his prey.

"There is probably some truth in this, for unless you are following the tiger and have seen him, it is almost impossible from the sound alone to tell with any certainty where he is."

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.



### CHERRY VINEGAR.

When cherries are ripe don't forget to put up some cherry vinegar. Mash slightly two quarts cherries and pour over them one quart vinegar. Pour into an earthen bowl, cover and set in a cool place for two days. Strain through a muslin bag, and to each pint liquid add three-fourths pound sugar. Place over the fire and boil fifteen minutes; bottle and seal.—New York Telegram.

### CUCUMBER CATSUP.

Select large, nearly ripe cucumbers, peel, remove the seeds, chop or grate fine and measure. Place the pulp in a colander and sprinkle with salt, allowing a teaspoonful to each pint. Drain for six hours. Measure. To each quart allow two cups of cider vinegar, four tablespoonfuls grated horseradish and a tablespoonful each minced red pepper, excluding the seeds, and white mustard seed. Bring vinegar and flavoring to a scald, skim well, then set aside to get thoroughly cold. Now add to the cucumber pulp, stir well, put into wide mouthed bottles or pint fruit cans, lay a horseradish, grape or nasturtium leaf over the top and seal. Keep in a cool, dark place.—New York Telegram.

### CUCUMBER SANDWICHES.

Pare a large ripe cucumber, split open, take out all the seeds and cut into slices of medium thickness, then lay in cold salted water for half an hour, then drain and wipe them very dry on a towel. Have all buttered some slices of brown or graham bread, then dip each slice of cucumber in a thick mayonnaise dressing, and after laying a small slice of crisp lettuce on the bread arrange the slices of cucumber on top, lay a second leaf of lettuce over the cucumber slices, then press the second slice of bread over all. These sandwiches are excellent, but must be served soon after being made, as the dressing is apt to soak through the bread and make it rather sodden.—Boston Post.

### APPLE BUTTER.

This may be made of sweet apples or half sweet and half sour. Boil a gallon of fresh sweet cider down to half of its original quantity. Fill the kettle in which the cider was cooked with sliced apples and turn the cider over them. It is not necessary for the cider to cover the apples, but there should be enough to keep them from sticking to the kettle. Simmer steadily all day until reduced to about half their original bulk. Turn into small stone crocks and fasten securely. This is excellent for children's luncheons or suppers. If preferred, the butter may be spiced. In this case allow a teaspoonful of cinnamon, clove, nutmeg or allspice to each gallon of the sauce, adding when nearly done. If preferred several of these seasonings may be combined. Apple butter should be stirred almost constantly toward the end. For stirring, a flat wooden paddle is best. If preferred the apple butter can be cooked in the oven or in a fireless cooker, the long, slow cooking with no danger of its burning lightening the housekeeper's labors very appreciably.—Emma Pad-dock Telford, in the *New York Telegram*.



Moistened tea leaves applied to a burn will relieve the inflammation and prevent a scar.

The juice of an onion will quickly allay the intolerable stinging pain from a bee or wasp sting.

The white of an egg dropped into a pot of soup will gather to it all the impurities. When it curdles remove it.

A lump of sugar put into boil with green vegetables will preserve their color and improve the flavor, especially that of peas.

A child's broom is a most useful thing if used to sweep around a fireplace or stove. It is easier to handle for such purposes than one with a long handle.

An excellent stand for your iron is a heated brick. This will keep it hot much longer than the common open stand which cools the iron by allowing the air to circulate beneath it.

It is said flies will not congregate on the outside of a screen door if the woodwork is rubbed occasionally with kerosene, the odor of which seems to be offensive to them.

Don't throw away the clean cans in which your coffee comes. When empty soak the can till the paper comes off clean, wash, and set away to keep starch, rice, tapioca, crumbs, etc., and to steam small puddings in. Save the baking powder cans for the latter purpose, too, using these for individual puddings.

Sour cream should not be kept too long in making butter, if you expect to have good butter. The churning every few days will make a big difference in the taste of the product. For this purpose it is better to use a glass churn holding about two or three quarts of cream. The glass churn can be so easily and thoroughly cleaned that it is becoming universally used by people anxious to have perfectly sanitary products.

### FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW.

#### DISTRIBUTIVE DEMAND IN TRADE IS RETARDED.

Bradstreet's Reports That the Wholesale and Retail Business Has Quiet Outlook.

New York—"Trade is quiet as a whole, unfavorable weather, the indefinite crop outlook and uncertainty as to prices of merchandise all tending to retard distributive demand, both at wholesale and retail.

"Trade reports from the West note a quiet to fair trade at retail, while jobbing business has been largely confined to fill-in orders, and fall trade is reported backward, though perhaps equal to a year ago at this date. Except in the lower Mississippi valley, Southern trade reports are of fair to good trade for the season of the year. Retail trade at the best is only fair and wholesale trade is disappointing.

"Among the industries, one of the best circumstanced lines is building, which shows a next to largest monthly expenditure for April, second, indeed, only to May, 1909, and allied lines all show good conditions. In the iron and steel trade furnace production is still being decreased, and Western reports from the finished lines are of lower quotations being offered. In cotton goods, the raw material has advanced sharply, while distribution has been retarded by the uncertainty as to future values, inducing buying only for immediate wants. In other textile lines quiet rules, but it is significant that manufacturers this week have bought more freely of raw wool at concessions than for a long time past.

"Collections reflect the influence of retarded spring trade in reports of only fair to slow payments. Land speculation at the West has received a check in the higher rates being exacted for loans.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ending May 12, were 216, against 191 last week, 224 in the like week of 1909, 281 in 1908, 184 in 1907 and 161 in 1906. Business failures in Canada for the week number 27, which compares with 18 last week and 30 in the same week a year ago.

### MARKETS.

#### PITTSBURG.

Wheat—No. 2 red.....	71	74
Do—No. 2 white.....	71	74
Corn—No. 2 yellow, shelled.....	72	73
Do—No. 2 white, shelled.....	67	68
Oats—No. 2 white.....	51	52
Do—No. 3 white.....	50	51
Flour—Winter patent.....	6 25	6 30
Do—Spring patent.....	6 25	6 30
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	20 50	21 00
Do—No. 2 Timothy.....	17 50	18 00
Feed—No. 1 white mid. ton.....	22 50	23 00
Do—No. 2 white.....	21 50	22 00
Bran, bulk.....	2 00	2 50
Straw—Wheat.....	9 00	9 50
Do—Oats.....	9 00	9 50

#### Dairy Products.

Butter—Eight creamery.....	34	34
Do—Ohio creamery.....	31	32
Fancy country roll.....	26	28
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	15	19
Do—New York.....	15	19

#### Poultry, Etc.

Hens—per lb.....	17	19
Chickens—do.....	21	22
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	24	25

#### Fruits and Vegetables.

Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	60	75
Cabbage—per ton.....	12	14 00
Onions—per barrel.....	1 80	2 25

#### BALTIMORE.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	5 60	5 70
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 05	1 10
Corn—Mixed.....	71	71
Eggs—Ohio.....	27	28
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	26	26

#### PHILADELPHIA.

Flour—Winter Patent.....	5 60	5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 10	1 14
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	65	67
Butter—Creamery.....	26	27
Eggs—Pennsylvania firsts.....	27	28

#### NEW YORK.

Flour—Patent.....	5 70	5 80
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 20	1 25
Corn—No. 2.....	65	69
Oats—No. 2 white.....	46	48
Butter—Creamery.....	26	29
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	26	30

#### LIVE STOCK.